

## APOLLO'S HARP.

From ancient Greek glory—  
The shadow and its light—  
One thought from mythic story  
Keeps haunting me tonight.

You've heard of great Apollo,  
The wonder!—the fair—  
How bloom and blight would follow  
His arrows through the air.

You've heard of how he wandered,  
In chariot of fire—  
How music sobbed and thundered  
When 'er he touched his lyre.

So strange and deep its sweetness  
To tell of joy or strife,  
In melody's completeness  
It seemed a thing of life.

But not its magic power,  
To waken mirth or pain,  
Or passion for an hour,  
Keeps haunting me again—

But this—if it were ever  
Laid on a silent stone,  
That none when struck would quiver  
With music like its own.

And somehow—though but story  
Brought from a dais some age—  
It seems with golden glory,  
Like words of hoary sage.

For comfort and assurance  
The tale hides within—  
Strong faith or brave endurance  
Sweet hope for erring men.

Shall I now thought interpret,  
And 'al I nuke it know?  
God's love, he harp, is perfect,  
Each harp a silent stone.

—Mattie Bonner.

## BROWN'S GREAT PERIL.

Portman Brown was a prosperous, elderly gentleman, of quiet ways and fixed habits. A small circle of familiar friends supplied all his social needs. He concerned himself little with the rest of humanity, belonging to the class who can live side by side in the same street with a fellow-creature all their lives without so much as knowing them by sight.

Among Mr. Brown's fixed habits was a yearly tour. But he did not take it, like most people, in the summer months, but in the early spring. Regularly as the first week in March came round he went abroad. A common-place tour, in beaten tracks, following the usual routine of travel in steamers and trains and lodging at palatial hotels. No adventure had ever broken the uneventful record of these tours for over a quarter of a century; no more exciting incident than an unusual overcharge at some hotel had come within Portman Brown's personal experience.

In 18—, when March came around, he made the usual preparations for his yearly tour in his usual way. On the evening before his departure an old city friend, Goldsmith, dined with him at his house in Harley street. When about to leave Goldsmith drew a small case from his pocket.

"I brought this with me on the chance that you were going to Cannes. You will do me a great favor by giving it into my hands there. It contains a relic of such rare value that I could intrust it to few. It will give you no trouble, being so small; there is no risk, as no one will know you have such a thing with you."

"Anything to oblige a friend," said Brown lightly. "I would take the Kohinoor as a traveling companion under the same circumstances."

The two men were standing at the study window, the blind of which happened to be up. While in the act of placing the case in his pocket Brown's eyes wandered to the street. At the moment the light from a lamp in front of the door struck on the face of a man who was passing; or had he been standing there—a peculiar, dark face, with straight black whiskers.

The man moved on. Brown drew back hastily.

"None of your people knew that you were giving me this commission?" he inquired of Goldsmith.

"Not a soul, my dear fellow; the matter is entirely between you and me. My clerk alone knows of the existence of the relic."

"What is he like?"

"Like you—like me! Respectability itself! What are you thinking of?"

"Has he black whiskers?"

"Gray as a badger—white even! But bless my soul what is the matter? What do you mean? Have you seen any one?"

"A man was standing there by the lamp-post as you handed me the jewel case. He was apparently looking at us and might have heard what we said."

"Then he must be in the street still," said Goldsmith, throwing up the window and putting his head out. Brown did the same. The night was bright. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere; the street was quite deserted.

"A neighbor or a neighbor's butler. He had gone into some house," Goldsmith withdrew from the window. "In any case, no one could have heard, as, I should think, have seen us. As for my clerk, Travers, I boast myself an honest man, but I don't hesitate to acknowledge that he is the honestest of the two. Your imagination is playing your tricks. I didn't know you were given that way perhaps you would rather not take charge of the relic."

But Brown would not hear of this. Already shamed by his own hasty and somewhat ridiculous suspicions he dismissed them abruptly.

"Not for worlds would I give up the charge," he said. "I'm not such a fool as I seem. The man probably is one of the new neighbors; there are a great many newcomers in the street."

Portman Brown set out next morning for Lucerne via Brussels and the Rhine, staying a few days at Ostend on the way. He took his place in the undeniable comfort of a first-class carriage in the express to Brussels

with a mind as free from care and uneasiness as an elderly gentleman ever possessed. A life of plain, undisturbed repose had up to this kept his imaginative faculties in complete abeyance, lunatics, hypnotists, murderers, etc., as possible fellow-travelers had never entered his mind. As a rule, indeed, his fellow-travelers no more excited his interest or notice than his near neighbors at home. On this occasion he was just conscious on leaving the station at Ostend that an elderly couple were the other occupants of the carriage. He merely gave a passing glance from his newspaper at the man, a stranger, who got in at Bruges and sat down on the opposite seat.

Nearly an hour had passed before Brown laid down his paper and glanced round the carriage. He was thinking of the parliamentary debate he had been reading and of the lost traditions of good breeding in the House of Commons, and not at all of his fellow-travelers, when on a sudden his eye caught that of the man opposite curiously fixed on him. Each became aware of the other's glance and drew his at once, not, however, before Brown's attention had been engaged. Was the man a complete stranger, as he had supposed? Had he not seen the face before? And when? Where? Or was it merely a case of chance likeness to some acquaintance? Parliamentary shortcomings passed from his mind while he racked his brain on the subject. The face was peculiar, with a straight, black whisker. During Brown's furtive study of him from behind the Times the stranger turned his head sharply and the light from the window struck full on his face. With suddenness of a flash Brown's memory was illuminated. The man opposite was the same who had stood in the lamp-light outside the window in Harley street. There was no doubt of it—no mistaking the unusual and remarkable whiskers. On a sudden impulse Brown put up his hand to feel the jewel-case in his breast-pocket. As he did so his eyes met those of the stranger, fixed on him with a peculiar expression.

By a chain of reasoning at which he felt ashamed, Brown, before reaching Brussels, decided on changing his usual hotel, the Bellevue, for the less known Nassau. Setting out for the latter, he lost sight of his fellow-traveler on the crowded platform of the station.

Fixidity of habit as a creed can not be lightly renounced. Brown was miserable at the Nassau, simply because it was not the accustomed Bellevue. Discontent with himself and everything else was the result.

"What an ass I have made of myself about that man!" was the burden of his thoughts while smoking his after-dinner cigar. "His being in the train was a mere coincidence. He probably has never cast a thought about me. I must walk this nonsense out of my brain."

As Brown left the room, he passed at the door a late guest being ushered in to a solitary dinner. With a certain revulsion of feeling he recognized his fellow traveler, the object of his thoughts.

The earliest train for Cologne next morning saw Brown's departure from Brussels, and a liberation in his usual program, which always included a day or two in that bright capital. The close scrutiny of the train did not discover his bugbear; there was no sign of a man at Cologne.

A tranquil night in his accustomed hotel restored Brown's mental balance. Reverting to his usual habit, he took his way by boat up the Rhine. Spending one night at Mayence, the following found him at the Three Kings, in Bale, his last resting place before Lucerne.

In the pleasant coolness of a moonlight night he sat on the terrace of the hotel, overlooking the Rhine. His mind was undisturbed as the peaceful scene around. The slight stirring of sentimentality inspired by a honey-mooning couple who sat near, holding each other's hands and whispering together, could not breed disturbance. The pale spectral night-haunts raised by the sight of wedded happiness moved his elderly heart in the gentlest possible manner. An audible sigh escaped him when the departure of the lovers left him, as he thought, alone. A slight movement, however, made him look around, breaking the chain of his sentimental reflections. For the first time he became aware of another man on the terrace. At the moment this individual rose from his chair, which stood far back under the veranda, and moving into the clear moonlight, paused at the stone balustrade overlooking the river. He remained there pensively watching the flowing waters beneath. To Brown's eyes were abruptly revealed the face and figure of the man with the black whiskers.

The shock was tremendous. Its suddenness was too much for Brown. On the moment, without a pause for thought, before taking in whether or not he had himself been seen, he hurried stealthily from the terrace, and seeking his room, only breathed freely again when he was safely locked within.

All the clear reasoning by which he had convinced himself of the groundlessness and folly of his alarm at Brussels was now overthrown and swept out of sight. He was shadowed by the man below. That was beyond a doubt. Whoever he was, the secret of the diamond was known to him. Either chance or design had made him acquainted with it on that night in Harley street.

Never within the whole course of his experience in foreign parts had Brown passed a more wretched night; the morning found his nerves in a bad state. He, who had never before known himself the possessor of nerves. The fidgety man who made fussy arrangements about starting by the first train for Lucerne, and whose eyes had a way of casting furtive—not to say apprehensive—glances around, was strangely unlike the self-satisfied, phlegmatic Briton who had arrived the evening before at the Three Kings.

The success of his manner in leaving Brussels made him repeat it, and, be-

sides, he was in a perfect fever to get to the end of his journey and rid himself of the charge of the diamond. His spirits rose considerably as the hour of the train's departure drew near without any appearance of the "shadower" in the station. Brown remained on the platform until the last moment; then, with a fervent sigh of relief, he entered the railway carriage. The train was just moving off when the door was suddenly opened and a breathless porter dashed in a hand-bag and parcel of rugs, followed by a still more breathless traveler. The door was shut, the engine shrieked the last departing signal and the train moved from Bale station. In one corner of the carriage sat Brown; in another—the farthest of the opposite side—sat the man with the black whiskers!

How often—in fancy—we place ourselves in heroic situations, and there—in fancy—act with invincible heroism. It is quite different, however, when the heroic situation is a reality. Our consequent actions are liable to be quite different, too. The position in which Brown found himself might well have appalled the bravest. He was alone in a railway carriage with a scoundrel who had followed him from London. Brown had utterly abandoned surmise since last night and accepted each idea as an absolute certainty—the object of this scoundrel's view was the capture of the valuable diamond which was at that very moment on Brown's person. A long journey lay before them and Brown was unarmed. At this review of the situation his heart sank; he drew back instinctively into the corner. His eyes suddenly met those of the other man; a deep flash suffused his face, which seemed to find reflection in the other's. Brown hastily took up Biederbeck and affected to read; the man opposite simultaneously did the same—a transparent unreality on both sides. Brown's furtive glances invariably caught—quickly withdrawn though they were—those of the other man levelled on him. While this went on the slightest change of position, the least movement in the opposite corner made Brown start. Might it not herald the approach of danger? A spring a rush the attack?

The tension was terrible to remain inactive—almost impossible. Brown had an inspiration, as a man in extremity sometimes does. Though he was not armed he would pretend to be. That might do something—produce hesitation or delay, at least. Accordingly he deliberately assumed a bold, even threatening demeanor. Casting a furtive glance across the carriage, he plunged his hand into his pocket, affecting to grab an imaginary revolver. To his intense delight, the ruse took immediate effect. The man opposite gave an unmistakable start and shrank back into his corner. So far so good. But how to keep up the pretense? What to do next? At this crisis the whistling of the engine suddenly distracted Brown. Good heavens! He had forgotten the long tunnel! They were coming to it now! His eyes, with a quick, involuntary movement, sought the lamp. It was not lighted!

Entrapped! Doomed! The wildest thoughts rushed confusedly to his brain. With a shriek the train plunged noisily into the tunnel of darkness. The din and rattle outside contrasted sharply with the silence within the carriage. Crouched in his corner, Brown, his hearing sharpened to agonizing acuteness, listened for a stir, a rustle, the sound of human breathing near to him. Every moment fancy detected a step—a stealthy, catlike movement. His imagination, after the neglect of a lifetime, was now taking ample revenge. Uncontrolled and uncontrollable were its wild flights. Every railway murder of which he had ever heard flashed upon him with all the ghastly details. The spring upon the victim, the stroke of the death-stroke, the body thrown out on the rails. How idly he had read of these things happening to other men! But now to realize himself as the victim, his body! Absolute panic seized upon him; hardly knowing what he was doing he tried softly to open the door. It was locked, however. His movements must have been heard, there was a stir at the other end of the carriage. The fatal moments had come; the assassin was advancing to the attack. In the extremity of his terror Brown sank swiftly on the floor and crawled under a seat.

For what length of time he crouched there, half stifled, scarcely daring to breathe, Brown knew not. A agony can not measure time. A sudden and extraordinary rush of air made his heart at first stand still, and then sent the blood coursing wildly through his veins. The far door was swinging open! Something had happened. What?

His straining ears detected no sound but the outside roar and rattle of the train through the tunnel; within all was silence. He remained listening in intense excitement and amazement until the hope which had hitherto dared to stir in his breast grew into vigorous life. He was alone in the carriage! He was saved! Deliverance had come miraculously—why and how he knew not.

The tunnel was coming to an end; light began to stream into the carriage. Cautiously and slowly Brown peeped from under the seat. He was quite alone. The man had disappeared.

The fact of his escape was, at the time, enough for Brown. Afterward in thinking over the adventure, he surmised that the man, deceived by his (Brown's) attempt to turn the handle of the door, had followed in supposed pursuit.

At the station just outside the tunnel, Brown, alighting almost before the train had stopped, changed his place for one in a crowded second-class compartment. A few hours later the brilliant was safely transferred from his charge into that of Goldsmith's brother at Lucerne.

The rest of his tour was uneventful; he neither heard of nor saw his persecutor again.

Brown's adventure made quite a

sensation on his return to London. He was the hero of the hour in his circle. Whether or not he related the circumstances exactly as he set forth need not be mentioned. His friend Jones, among others, gave a dinner party in his honor. Brown, with his usual punctuality, was the first to arrive.

"By the way," Jones said chaffingly to him, as the two stood chatting together on the hearth rug, "you must look to your laurels tonight, Brown. Do you know Leroy, your neighbor in Harley street?"

Never saw the man in my life. What's the joke?"

"A rival adventure. In Switzerland too, and culminating in a tunnel—not sure that it wasn't in the Alton one also."

"Dear me! What an extraordinary coincidence!"

"In his case it was a lunatic, not a robber. He was shadowed at hotels and in trains. You must hear the story from his own lips; he's dining here to-night. The climax is terrific. Shut into a railway carriage alone with a lunatic armed with a revolver, a long tunnel—an extinguished lamp—the lunatic crawling in the darkness to the attack—an escape by the skin of the teeth. Leroy had sufficient presence of mind to open the door and pretend to get out—in reality crawling under the seat inside. The ruse saved his life. He supposes that he fainted in the stifling air, for when he was next conscious the train had left Ostend and he was alone in the carriage, from which all traces of the lunatic had disappeared."

Jones was so engrossed in telling the story he did not remark its curious and startling effect on Brown.

Just then the door was thrown open, and the footman announced, "Mr. Leroy."

Jones springing forward with effusion to greet the newcomer, led him gushingly up to Brown.

"You two must know each other," he said.

And they did. The recognition was instantaneous on both sides. With a gasp Brown stood in speechless wonder on the man with the black whiskers, while Leroy started back against an encountering gaze of the lunatic—London Truth.

## GAVE HERSELF AWAY

How a New York Young Lady Signed a Check.

According to a New York correspondent every woman of fashion must now carry a check-book and a fountain pen and avoid handling solid currency. Of course it is necessary that a woman's credit be fully established before check-writing is possible, but this is the point that makes the custom popular among the affluent and select. The rich women of New York are known in all the principal shops of the city, and their checks are as good as cash.

The other day a young lady, drove up to the door of a Broadway jeweler's shop, went in and selected a turquoise and diamond ring valued at \$250. She quietly made out her check for that sum and passed it to the clerk. The latter glanced at it and then looked inquiringly up at the young lady.

"There is some mistake here, I think," said he, with an apologetic smile.

The young lady flushed and demanded to know if the check was not for the right amount. She was told that it was, but—

"But what?" she exclaimed, laughingly. "Do you mean that my check is not acceptable? Sir, do you know who I am?"

The clerk mildly acknowledged that he knew quite well who the young lady was, but explained that the check was not made out just as it should be. And he handed it back.

The girl ran her eye over it and then turned a deep crimson. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I see!"

And then she proceeded to make out another check. She had signed the first one, "Your own sweetheart, Sally."

It was a case of sentimental aberration, in which finance and love got mixed.

## A Girl's Reason for Wrecking a Train.

It is reported from Nancy that a girl in charge of some poultry at Chambley lately placed two large stones on a local railway line. The engine driver of a train which was proceeding in the direction of Nancy felt a severe shock on entering the cutting near St. Julien, and was afraid that the carriages would go off the line. The guard, however, afterwards made an investigation, found the stones and the girl who had placed them on the rails. When asked why she thus jeopardized the lives of hundreds of people, she replied coolly that she wanted to bring about a railroad accident so that she might obtain some of the fine hats and dresses worn by ladies who might be killed or injured by her wicked action. She has been sent to a reformatory.—Tit Bits.

## Recent Extinction of Peerage Titles.

No fewer than nine titles in the peerage have become extinct since the election of the present Parliament. On an average in the past five years a title has become extinct every seven months. The peers who were the last of their respective lines include the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, the Duke of Cleveland, Earl Sydney, Viscount Everley, Lord Blachford, Lord Hammond, Lord Northwick, and Lord Lyons. Meanwhile Lord Salisbury has created twenty-one new peers since he has been in office, making a net addition to the House of Lords of twelve members during the time the present administration has been in power.

## THE ALLIANCE.

The Independent: The efforts put forth by the money power to organize bogus Alliance meetings to pass resolutions against the demands of the National Alliance is simply wonderful; and that there should be some traitors in our organization is not to be marvelled at. There was one traitor among the twelve disciples, but they generally come to a bad end and do but little damage to the cause they betray.

Southern Mercury: The retail merchant, lawyers, doctors and other necessary professions, are beginning all over Texas to align themselves on the side of the Alliance demands. The pinch for money, notwithstanding the herculean efforts of the farmers, mechanics and all other wage earners to obtain money with which to meet their obligations, is having its natural effect upon those who associate and deal directly with the wretched producers. These people are beginning to realize that it is an utter impossibility for the producers of all wares to pay what they owe, to say nothing about a cash business, hence they are falling in line knowing that in saving the farmers from bankruptcy they are saving themselves from bankruptcy.

The Arkansas Farmer: It is a curious fact that the Republican papers at the north and the Democratic papers at the south are urging the Alliance with hysterical reluctance to stand by their respective parties, as there is no other hope of getting the Alliance demands incorporated in the laws of the country. Again it is a curious fact that these organs and organettes profess great devotion to genuine Alliance principles but the greatest abhorrence of the Alliance as it is conducted. Would it be improper to ask these gentry where they get their profound knowledge of genuine Alliance principles? Is not the Alliance the best judge of its own principles? Do we not accept the doctrines of the various churches as laid down by themselves as authoritative declarations of their principles?

The Alliance Farmer: State President Cannon has fought and won a most important battle at Paso Robles for the Alliance. The Alliance has built a fine warehouse at that point, but there was an effort made to keep the railroad from putting in a switch, without which the warehouse could not be used. The railroad was shielding its land, but President Cannon went before the railroad commission and presented such overwhelming proofs that the Alliance warehouse was justly and rightfully entitled to the same accommodation from the railroad that others in the same business received that the commission ordered the switch put in at once. A great mass meeting was held in the evening to celebrate the victory and President Cannon made one of his solid talks that was greeted with the warmest applause at the close of every sentence. When it comes to making a dead fight for the rights of members of the order President Cannon can be counted on every time.

The Alliance Advocate: Alliance-men, be on your guard, for the politician is on his rounds in the interest of the plutocrats. They will come to you in sheep's clothing and other disguises asking you to renounce your demands in part; perhaps it will be the subtreasury plan they will strike you upon, or they may ask you to cross out the land loan, or the warehouse plan. But heed them not, for if they ask you to give up one demand now, ere long they will ask you to give up another demand. Every true Alliance-man should denounce them, and say to them, as it is said by the Divine, "Get thee hence, Satan." All their talk is but empty promises, as the laboring classes have already found to their sorrow. All legislation for the past twenty-five years has been in favor of the money power, and has done nothing for the relief of the wealth-producing portion of the country. The farmer makes the wealth, the plutocrats get it. Heed not the oil-tongued politicians, tell them that you are for the Occident demands first, last and all the time.

The Alliance Herald: When a farmer takes a bale of cotton to a warehouse, stores it and draws 80 per cent of its value, that is all right, because he will have storage, insurance and interest to pay, which would amount to over 16 per cent for twelve months, and there is about 14 per cent profit. But when he asks that the government shall advance him the same amount to save him from the trusts, syndicates and combines, with the government perfectly secure and indemnified, that is fearfully impractical and visionary. It is not visionary, nor impractical. It is annually demonstrated to be practical and feasible. "But it would be flooding the country with money not based on gold or silver." True, but it is based on something better and more desirable an article of general utility and universal necessity, which is more valuable. In addition to that, it would expand the currency when most needed, and prohibit a combination on cash or a controlling syndicate on prices, both of which are against the so-called business interests of the country. The only true objection to the subtreasury, practically, is that it will prevent farmers from being robbed by syndicates, reduce the rate of interest on money and prohibit a control of the currency by speculators by and through which the prices are controlled. That is a good reason for the millionaires who effect these combinations and profit by them; but to the remainder of the people it would prove a benefit.

## FLOATERS OR FARMERS.

They Have Great Power in Their Hands for Good or Evil.

In a number of states where the parties are nearly equally balanced, the balance of power, and therefore the power itself is in the hands of a small minority who have no special party ties and vote sometimes with one party and sometimes with the other. When this minority is made up of men who have no party ties because they have no principles, says the Western Rural, partisan or non-partisan, and hence vote for the candidate or party that makes it profitable to them on or about the day of election, it is called the floating vote. Despicable as the "floater" may be, he sometimes controls the policy of a campaign and affects, in a marked way, any interests, financial or social, that can be affected by legislative action. It is humiliating to an American citizen that the vast business interests of the country are sometimes at the mercy of the floating vote and that the policies of the state and nation are sometimes determined, not by the correctness or justice of the policies proposed, but by the price which the different parties are willing to pay the "floater."

When this small number is made up, as it is in many of the agricultural states, of farmers, of men who have a "stake" in the soil and who have clearly defined principles which they hold above all party obligations, the case assumes an entirely different aspect and the issue is determined by considerations of an entirely different character. No vote is so difficult to purchase as that of the farmer. He demands as the price of his vote—not two dollars a day—but pledge a certain line of policy of the correctness of which he has become convinced through discussion in the Alliance and kindred organizations. It does not follow of necessity that the demands made by the farmer are always just, or, if not just, practicable at the present time. Farmers are not infallible and the wisest man may err. He may have the balance of power in his hand and make a bad use of it. Whether he makes a wise or a wise use of it depends on the thoroughness with which he has studied the political questions that affect his interests and those of the public.

One of the chief objects of the Alliance is to educate farmers so thoroughly in all that affects the agricultural industry that their demands shall be not only in the line of their own best interests, but in the interest of the general public as well. Whenever this object is attained and the interests of agriculture held supreme over all non-partisan policies, the balance of power will not be held by the "floater," to be bartered away in the political market, but by a class of men who have a stake in the country and who are vitally interested in its welfare.

The tendency of political parties is always toward equilibrium. A small minority in any state controls the state policy. Shall this minority be a purchasable minority who have no stake in the country, or shall it be men who have homes and families and who must suffer by evil legislation? Educating voters of both parties in the direction of wise legislation in matters affecting the agricultural interest is a comparatively easy matter for the Alliance to dominate and control the policy of the state on a large class of questions and make it impossible for purchasable "floaters" to determine public policies. To do so the Alliance must have wise, considerate, broad gauge leadership. It must look upon questions, not in the line of their effect on one party or the other, but on the public welfare. All parties will learn to shape their policies and measures to meet the views of a class of farmers educated in the lines of their own best interests and in doing so will best serve the public.

## Jay Gould's Modest Wants.

My wants are few: I scorn to be A quackery or a ser; I only want America And a mortgage deed of China; And if kind fate throw Europe in, And Africa and Asia, And a few islands of the sea, I'd ask no other treasure.

Give me but these, they are enough To suit my humble notion— And I'll give up to other men All land beneath the ocean; Those vast untilled, ungranted fields, So fertile and prolific, That untrod acreage of soil— The bed of the Pacific.

I only want to own the earth, And regulate and man it; My wants are all contracted down To just one little planet. A desert tent was good enough For Abraham and Sarah, And I'd give all my fellow men A house-lot in Sahara! —Adair County Farmer.

## The Good Shepherd.

The New York Mail and Express paints a doleful picture of the deplorable condition of trade and finance, and lays all the blame to the Farmers' Alliance, which, it says, "proposes that the money lender shall lend without reasonable security, that he shall be enforced to accept a mortgage on a farm and take his chances on being able to collect it. Then they call upon the railroads to adjust the rates so that they can make a profit, regardless of the cost of transportation. This being attended to, they pass resolutions that every one shall be criminally liable if he chooses to make engagements in advance or sell a single bushel of wheat." What wonderful rascals these farmers are, anyway? We trust the good Shepherd will place at the head of his editorial column the scriptural quotation, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."—Farmers' Weekly.